

# THE IDOL

O F 11646.06.61.  
1-147.

## PARIS,

With what may be Expected, if ever the  
High-Flying Party should Establish a Govern-  
ment agreeable to that pernicious Doctrine of

*Absolute Passive Obedience, &c.*

---

Written by a Young LADY, now upon  
her Departure for the *New Atalantis*.

---



---

Enter'd in the Hall-Book of the Company of Sta-  
tioners, pursuant to Act of Parliament.

---

LONDON Printed, and Sold by J. Baker, at the  
Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. Price One penny.

S

Whe  
And  
Ten  
Must  
And  
Delu  
cili  
And  
Hybe  
And  
Pariz  
And

( 1 )

---

# THE Idol of Paris.

---

## The ARGUMENT.

*Our Virgin, springing from a Flood  
Of Godfrey's, and brave Russel's blood,  
By Heaven inspir'd, is warn'd to shun  
The Dangers which seem posting on ;  
Embarks with a propitious Wind,  
And leaves the Thames and all behind.  
But whilst the Land is in her view  
Sings what she dreads may soon ensue.*

**S**ING, Mystick Muse, and with a fluent Strain  
( Though Heav'n forbid such bloody Scenes again )  
Tell English Free-born Protestants their doom,  
What they must trust to from the Hands of Rome,  
Whenever Arbitrary Power should Revive,  
And Popish Principles be kept alive :  
Ten Hundred Thousand Families, or more,  
Must kiss their Mother Earth in Crimson Gore,  
And Albion's Western Chalky Clifts so high  
Deluge themselves again in Scarlet Dye ;  
Sicilian Tyrants from *Avernus* come,  
And plague the Land with Apish Priests from *Rome* ;  
Ibernia's Massacre commence again,  
And Forty Thousand Innocents be slain ;  
Parisian Butcheries with Horror rage,  
And bloody Persecution mount the Stage ;

The Tweed and Solway, rapid like a Flood,  
 Swell their exub'rant Banks again with Blood :  
 Britannia swooning, mourn again her Birth,  
 And lay her Sacred Tresses on the Earth.  
 Whilst Rogues, and Bullying Priests of Romish Dye,  
 Ravish the Lady of her Native Liberty :  
 Such, Free born Protestants, must be your Fate  
 When abs'dute Non-Resistance takes its Date ;  
 When once you stoop unto a Tyrant's threat,  
 And sacrifice your Conscience at his Feet. —

But stay, my Muse, Heav'n will such Storms rescind,  
 And, as in former Reigns, be Britain's Friend ;  
 Perfect that Union which the Priest explodes,  
 And keep out Rome, and all her Wooden Gods.  
 Say, Muse, how came this passive Monster in,  
 The Grand Epitome of the whole Mass of Sin,  
 This Conscience-binding Tyrant, that's its Name ;  
 Say freely in this Reign from whence it came.

There was a Time, when Nature first began,  
 When Nature's Principal created Man ;  
 'Twas done, the Mighty FIAT stamp'd the Birth,  
 And all in Order mov'd through Heav'n and Earth ;  
 Yet by strange Magnetisms mov'd, we find  
 Quite different are the Species of Mankind.  
 Nature at first grew big, and then brought forth  
 An Universal Freedom at a Birth ;  
 And from the highest Zenith hither came,  
 To bleis Mankind, and Peace on Earth proclaim ;  
 Till Hell's Apostate Prince with Pride began,  
 ( As he had Heav'n ) to disunite the Man ;  
 With glaring Eyes an eager Look he threw  
 Around this Space, if possible, to view  
 A Carcass'd Soul, by GOD ( like him ) forsook,  
 That might impose on Liberty a Slavish Yoke.

So said, the Wretch was found ; and ever since  
 GOD's Curse has plagu'd the World with such a Prince.  
 Strange Mystery again ! That Reason's Self  
 Should split and Shipwreck on this dangerous Shelf ;

Unthinki

( 5 )

Inthinking Animals, like Indians wild,  
Adore th' Unruly, and Contemn the Mild ;  
By Bugbears frighten'd, and by Phantasms led,  
Help to innumerate the Passive Dead ;  
So that the Brazen Image may be fear'd,  
And *Man*, not *G O D*, by all their Tribe rever'd.

Thus once in *Paris*, where the Tyrant Reigns,  
And with his Subjects Blood his Sceptre Stains ;  
The *Priests* (though having many Gods before)  
Resolve to load the People with *One more* :  
Proclaim their King *Immortal*, and as soon  
As they avow it, 'tis decreed and done :  
Of Brass the Statue's made, and plain to sight  
In Letters Capital these Words they Write.

## BEHOLD THE IMMORTAL MAN !

Tis view'd and worshipp'd, 'till at length came by  
A harmless mirthful Friend to Liberty,  
Urg'd with an innate Zeal he shook his Head,  
And spelt the *Blasphemy* with awful Dread ;  
Look'd round and saw the Idol left alone,  
Senseless and stupid as its Pyramid of Stone ;  
Then hastily writ thus —

Behold the **MORTAL IDOL** made of *Brass*,  
Th' Original with *FIST'LA* in his *A—e* ;  
Is this the Bourbon Brat ? Is this the Thing  
Which Passive Brutes term an *Immortal King* ?

So once *Salimoneus*, from his Reason led,  
Would shew, like *Jupiter*, a Godlike Dread ;  
And that this Mystery might come to pass,  
Over his City built a Bridge of *Brass* ;  
The Populace, with a wild Aspect, view  
What Heav'ly Project he's about to do ;  
When, in an instant, to compleat the Wonder,  
Over the Bridge his Waggon drove like Thunder :  
Now he's a *God*, the People prostrate lye,  
As such they Worship his Divinity.  
No sooner had the Sound to Heav'n aspir'd,  
But *Jupiter*, with Sacred Rage inspir'd,

Hurl'd

76

Hurl'd from his Fist, where awful Thunders dwell,  
A Bolt, which strook the mimick God to Hell.  
So, *Lewis*, posts thy Destiny apace, —

— Here strook a Dash, designing more to say,  
Had not a Priest appear'd ; — So ran away.  
One of the Passive Tribe, that thither came,  
To Bless the *Brazen Image*, and Revere the same.

But yet for all this Talk, the Case is plain,  
We freedom Love, yet Knavish Priests maintain ;  
Priests who can Talk, and Threaten hard, 'tis true,  
Speak Wonders, when they nothing else can do ;  
And like to *Lesly's* Faction, vainly strive  
To keep their passive Principles alive.

Such are thy Foes Great Britain, such the Crew  
Which do thy Native Liberty pursue ;  
Who, thro' Pretence of giving *Cæsar* Right,  
Rob Thee and *Cæsar* too, in Heaven's Sight ;  
To bind thy Conscience, would use Fire and Flame ;  
*Bell* and the *Dragon's* Priests were just the same.

But, say my Muse, what follows next of course ;  
See the Priest-ridden Ass, that bears the Curse ;  
Supports the Idol in its pompous Show,  
And Worships passively the L O R D knows who ;  
That fills the Populace all Day with Fear,  
And Swears the Church in Danger, when there is none near.  
What Stupefaction does attend this Beast ?  
What mystick Juggle does invade his Breast,  
That he should Stoop, Crouch down, and Lick the Dust,  
Take on his Back a Tyrant Prince on Trust,  
Or else a Brawney Priest, at his Desire,  
And let them Spur and Ride him thro' the Mire ?  
All Foppish Slav'ry ! Not by Heav'n design'd ;  
By Cheats invented to Deceive Mankind :  
Monsters, not Men, are such insipid Souls,  
Who wo'nt be led by Native Freedom's Rules,  
Freedom, that in this Reign, runs thro' the Land,  
As GOD Decreed. [And GOD's Decree will firmly stand.]  
Tell me, ye mystick Pow'rs ! What secret Art  
Can, by a piece of Railery, change the Heart ?

Hence.

What PEACE and UNION can our Breasts posses,  
 When Pulpit-Preachers, 'gainst the same profess ?  
 What sweet, harmonious Days can bless this Isle,  
 When Priests, to sow Sedition, Daily Toil ?  
 What Love to Neighbours can triumphant Ride,  
 When Priests are pleas'd to throw that Law aside ?  
 When Priests presume to Curse the Conscious Mouth,  
 That Worships from it's Heart, the G O D of Truth ?  
 When well-fed Priests, are pleas'd to be Uncivil,  
 And Damn their Benefactors to the Devil ?  
 What Charity to one another's found,  
 When red-hot Persecution does abound,  
 And State-machines, must like the passive Priest turn round  
 The Priest, who, from St. Peter's drawing's Sword,  
 Thro' Zeal, to Vindicate his blessed L O R D,  
 This Inference might raise ; That Heav'n Decries  
 A Heart that's forc'd to Offer Sacrifice.  
 To spread the Gospel, is the Preacher's Place,  
 Which is, Glad Tidings from the Throne of Grace ;  
 To turn the Hearts of Sinners from their Sin,  
 And show the dang'rous Roads they're running in ;  
 To Save dejected Ones thro' fervent Pray'r,  
 And Souls, by Satan plung'd in deep Despair ;  
 To instruct the Ignorant, and tender Youth,  
 In all the Principles of Christian Truth.  
 Such are the Preacher's Topicks, which the Word  
 Of the Eternal Being does Record :  
 No State-Affairs do fall unto his share ;  
 But only Souls, the Love of Souls his Care.  
 Virtue and Piety must Crown the Priest,  
 Or else his Pulpit-Labour's but a Jest,  
 There's the true Faith, where Charity's the Test.

Hail then; you Free-born Britains, Hail again,  
 And Hail, once more, you Revolution-Men ;  
 Be bless'd in ANNA's Reign, that does Secure  
 What Mighty WILLIAM gain'd for you before ;  
 Value those Blessings as from Heaven sent,  
 Facted they will remain as Heav'n, and permanent.

Thus

Thus sung the Virgin as she Sail'd along,  
 With Grief Opprest, and with a fault'ring Tongue,  
 With Hair dishevel'd, and a ghaſtful Face,  
 She farther Launch'd in Neptune's cold Embrace,  
 Till her bright Eyes the happy Prospect lost,  
 Of her belov'd Britannick Native Coast,  
 When finding both must part, the Heav'ly Maid,  
 Proſtrate upon the Poop fell down, and Pray'd.

O Thou immortal God, exert thy Power,  
 To keep from Popish Rage yon diſtant Shore ;  
 Thou, who didſt once, in fam'd Eliz.'s Reign,  
 Baffle the Pow'r and haughty pride of Spain,  
 Thou who in later Reigns haſt been ſo good,  
 To ſave thy People out of Fire and Blood,  
 Who ſent Great William to Defend their Cause,  
 And give to Free-born Englishmen their Laws,  
 O now look down, and caſt thy piercing Eye  
 Thro' the moſt ſecret piece of Villany,  
 Search thou the Heart ; and once more let thy Arm  
 Defend Britannia from approaching Harm.  
 Keep mod'rate ANNA in thy peaceful Breast,  
 And blesſ her Reign with an Harmonious Reſt ;  
 Be thou the Church of England's chiefest Care,  
 And all that truly ſctupulous of Conſcience are,  
 Keep the Pretender out, and when, tho' late,  
 Thou Crown'ſt thy darling Queen, with endleſs ſtar  
 Hannover bring in, and let him prove to be  
 Like Her, a true ſupport of Engliſh Liberty.  
 Calm thou the People's Rage, and let no more  
 That Nation be ſubjeſt to Foreign Pow'r,  
 Nor Foreign Laws, nor Laws Despotick made,  
 Nor Pop'ry in a ſpecious Maſquerade.  
 Oh, now for Pity Look : now, now's the Hour,  
 If thou ſeefit, Great GOD, to maniſt thy Pow'r  
 So Sung, the Cel'rous Bark loſt ſight of Shore,  
 The Virgin-Paſſenger by Heaven bleſſ'd,  
 Delug'd herſelf with Tears of Grief no more,  
 But wiſ'd her Eyes, and laid her down to Reſt.

F I N I S.

